

Dochia, the King's Daughter

Country: Romania

Category: Short Form

Title: Dochia, fiica împăratului

Company: Radio Romania

Author: Romanian folk legend, adapted by Ema Stere

Producer: Oana Cristea Grigorescu

Director: Attila Vizauer

Sound engineer: Mihnea Chelaru

Other key staff: Alexandra Stroe, Mădălina Ignat, Composer: Andrei Miricescu
(actors)

Language: Romanian

Length: 5:36

SUMMARY

The audio short production *Dochia, the King's Daughter* combines folk sources and renders the interweaving of legend with folk poetry as a characteristic of Romanian folk legends and fairy tales. The folk tale of *Dochia* circulated in Romanian folk literature in two versions. According to the first, derived from folklore by Gheorghe Asachi, *Dochia* was the daughter of King Decebal. The legend of Emperor Trajan in love with the daughter of the Dacian king became very popular from the 19th century onwards and suggests the birth of the Romanian people through a parable. The second, older version dates from the 17th century, from the time of Dimitrie Cantemir, and in it *Dochia* is the queen of Dacia, who later became the subject of folk tales, ballads and carols. At the same time, the legend of *Baba Dochia* is linked to the first day of March, as the heroine's name comes from the Byzantine calendar where the first day of spring is celebrated as Saint Evdokia. The myth of *Baba Dochia* is one of the most beautiful and important local myths, in any of its variants.

Dochia, the King's Daughter

Storyteller 1: They say that once upon a time there was an king emperor who had a daughter named Dochia

Storyteller 2: and she was the fairest of them all

St1: well behaved and smart.

St2: Many worthy young men came to her father to ask for her hand in marriage,

St1: but he wouldn't accept any of them,

St2: he said she was too young to marry.

St1: But during a war with another King, Dochia's father was defeated,

St2: and his enemy was about to take away both his kingdom empire and his beloved daughter.

St1: As soon as she found out about that,

St2: Dochia put on twelve sheepskin coats, so that no one would recognize her

St1: she put her distaff in her belt and headed to the mountains, taking a flock of sheep and goats to pasture

St2: from the end of February until the autumn.

St1: Strong Dochia started walking and climbing up the mountain, relentlessly, St2: never straying from the path.

St1: Meanwhile, she was singing:

DOCHIA (DUET)

"From now on/ The snow is gone/ Warm and sunny days will come / Clear sky / And light up high."

St2: The golden sun was shining and burning,

St1: March was so mild from its very first day, meadows were soft and merry,
welcoming the lambs with red-tasselled collars,

St2: so the girl decided to take off one of her sheepskin coats,

St1: and another on the second day

St2: yet another one on the third day, St1: as

the weather was clear and summery St2: and

all that climbing made her even hotter.

St1: Dochia kept walking and singing:

DOCHIA (DUET)

„Swiftly go / It’s March, you know / Almost hot / So bring a pot / Fill it up / With
strawberries a lot!”

St2: She didn’t even notice what a long way she had come, in a week, since she
had left home,

St1: and she kept going with her sheep and goat flock, through clearances filled
with flowering strawberries

St2: heading to the mountain top

St1: dropping her sheepskin coats one by one, until the twelfth day,

St2: when all she had on was her linen shirt.

St1: And suddenly she felt a chill, which turned to cold,

St2: the coldness became a fierce storm of rain and snow

St1: and the storm – a hard frost that cracked the rocks and the raven’s eggs in
their nest.

St2: Dochia couldn’t find a shelter, on the top of the mountain

St1: and she was afraid she would fall in a steep,

St2: so she leaned on her distaff

St1: and all her sheep gathered around her.

St2: The blizzard was relentless,

St1: and kept on going for another twelve days,

St2: each day more harsh and savage as the last.

St1: Dochia's face started to freeze under her tears St2:

and her slight body was changing into an ice statue

St1: guarded by her frozen sheep.

St2: They say the distaff changed into a tall fir tree

St1: and the from the big rock surrounded by smaller rocks

St2: a spring started flowing, with water so clear

St1: and fresh.